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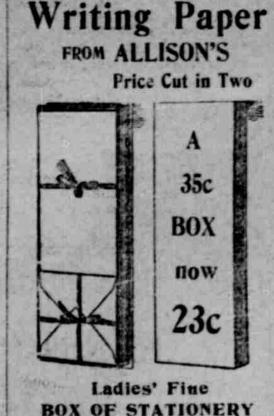
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Mr. J. H. Allison is now with Bowen-Merrill and invites all friends to call and see him.

friends, among them Mr. Bancroft, the historian, and Mr. Longfellow. Senator Morton always regretted that his early opportunities for obtaining such an education as cultivates and refines had been so limited. His education, although sufficient for most purposes, had been obtained under adverse circumstances, and for the most part after he dead no index, but called for index i tained under adverse circumstances, and for the most part after he was twenty years of age. Prior to that he knew little of the choice associations and refinement which give finish and gloss room of a hotel, without opportunity for reference either to books or pamphlets, and ing with Justice Story and the cultured men of Boston, Morton was serving at the trade of hatter, and using such moments for reading and study as he could catch in the evening and early mornings. What others gain in youth and young manhood he was compelled to learn amidst the activities and bustle of a wonderfully busy life; but nature richly endowed him with these qualities of head and heart which, when their roots touch a sympathetic soil, spring quickly into notice, attracting the most scholarly and refined. it is conceded that the sickness beginning in 1865 mellowed and enriched his nature, and that his greatest intellectual growth was reached after be entered the United States Senate. He became strongly attached to Senator Sumner almost immediately upon taking his seat. Of all his associates in the Senate he spoke of him most frequently. The similarity of their views respecting President Johnson drew them together very early after he entered that body, the attachment being greatly strengthened by their service upon amitte on foreign relations, and by their efforts to secure the passage and ratification of the fifteenth amendment; but their friendship was based upon something more than the mere interest which springs up between men who meet often or are engaged in a common cause. They were much allke in many respects. In sincerity, inflexfollity of purpose, dislike of cant, and un-flinching fidelity to principle as he saw it, regardless of the men who stood in the way, senator Morton resembled Mr. Sumner more nearly than any other of the latter's associates. Summer's courage to express his convictions upon all occasions and under all circumstances won the Senator's admiration no less than his own fearlessness won the admiration of Mr. Sumner. Neither of them knew the feeling of fear in the performance of duty. Had Morton stood in Sumner's place in 1856, he would, no doubt, have arraigned the slave power with all the severity of his Masonic Hall speech, even

But there were other reasons why these distinguished men, apparently so unlike, were very close friends. Senator Morton appreciated the scholarly character and attainments of Mr. Sumner, not so much because they made him pre-eminent in a body istinguished for its able men, but because omething in his own nature was aroused and satisfied by this contact with the highest type of refinement and culture. "My pleasantest committee relations were with nner," he once said to me. "His information came from the Brights and the Cobdens of a nation, and he patiently sought the honor of his country through peace, believing that the views of such men would in

though warned, as Mr. Sumner had been,

that such statements would likely lead to an

the end prevail. It is not unlikely that these long and friendly relations aided Senator Morton in bringing to a successful termination the vexed questions that grew out of the depredations of the pirate Alabama. If ever there was good cause for war between the two great English speaking nations, it was given in the cruel and inexcusable part which England then played. Senator Morton shared the indignation of the American people, and was ready with argument and precedent to show that England must pay or fight; but he never lost the even temper, or the patient ear, or the generous hope that the better English sentiment would finally control. President Grant recognized his fitness to represent our government during this trying ordeal by the offer of the English mission: but Senator Morton was a oorn Senator of the true Roman type. His place was in the United States Senate, and he declined the flattering compliment, with

A DIFFERENCE WITH SUMNER. When, in 1871, he was called upon, for the first time, to differ with Senator Sumner upon any proposition of importance, it pained him most severely. "Your letter." he says in reply to one from Mr. Sumner, "refers to a controversy which will ever be among my most disagreeable experi-

ences. I am your friend, as I have been

for years." A year or two after Mr. Sum-

ner's death. I asked the Senator why he had not taken the chairmanship of the committee on foreign relations? "It is not the committee that makes the chairman." he replied; "everybody knew of the com-mittee on foreign relations because Mr. Summer lifted it into great prominence; but most of their commissioned officers. we hear little of it to-day, and probably few people know who is the present chair-I ventured to suggest that the country knew who was chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, 'Possibly so," was the modest response. It would be well, perhaps, in these piping times of peace, when we read of millionaire Senators and millionaire methods, if another in 1874, that were concluded before the chairman of the Senate committee on the press was aware that he had been out privileges and elections could make himself known as Oliver Perry Morton was known after his investigation of the charge that Senator Caldwell, of Kansas, had procured his election by the corrupt use of at all, must be carefully run down and its money. Caldwell was a Republican, a man

of influence, possessed of many powerful friends, and came of an excellent fam-ily. The strongest influences were brought bear in his behalf. Men argued and

threatened, newspapers criticised and lampooned, and old men begged, pleading extenuating circumstances; but the chairman, always patient and courteous, was immovable. Senator Morton recommended his expulsion, and Caldwell escaped execution of the sentence only by resignation.
I have already referred to the Senator's remarkable memory. He seemed never to

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forget anything. In the preparation of a expert performer on the violin--"not so skill-speech, he needed no index, but called for ful as Governor Whitcomb," he once said to after being written out he turned it over to Mr. E. W. Halford and myself to compare with the published records: I do not now recall that a single correction was It was interesting to watch his inellection, whether speaking or diccating. One could almost see his mind work as paused between sentences, apparently condering the best manner to express the next thought; but when the words came they fell from his lips beaten into such finished sentences that change was afterwards rarely made. "He cared little for the mere graces of speecch," said General Garfield, "but few men have been so greatly endowed with the power of clear statement and unassallable argument. The path of his thought was straight, like that of the swift cannon ball, shattering that it may reach, and shattering what reaches." Possibly it is true, that he cared little for the mere graces of speech, but at times, with a most felicitous touch, his sentences were tipped with a polish as bright and gleaming as the top of a mountain crag illuminated by the first ray of sunrise. Who can ever forget the first sentences of his words of welcome spoken to the returning veterans in 1865; you have preserved the Union, gilded the American character with new luster, destroyed slavery, vindicated the dignity of free labor and maintained the honor of the old flag, whose stars by your victories have

become fixed and will burn forever with unabated splendor. A MINE OF INFORMATION. His speeches were a library of political information, full of compact statement, of condensed logic, of apt illustration and glistening with facts that were impregnable. He grasped and simplified every question, driving home his points with a power and often with an eloquence that never falled to hold audiences as long as he would talk to them. Whatever he said at once became of importance. Thus his campaign speeches were veritable "key-notes." His ridicule or lampoon, while his friends, foilowing his lead, enforced his points in every

schoolhouse and public hall. For several years prior to 1876 Hon. Albert G. Porter had taken little part in political campaigns, but being urged to do so at that time he began making the preparation which was to place him among the foremost leaders. He called upon me several times at the rooms of the Republican State committee for documents and speeches, but found nothing of any real assistance. After a time he became some-what impatient at the dearth of political party information, and for several days avoided us; but one morning he entered the rooms, and, in an unusually cheery tone, exclaimed: "You needn't look for any more documents for me. Last night, in a pigeon-hole in my office desk. I found one of Governor Morton's old key-notes, and I've got facts and arguments enough for half a dozen speeches.' He was a most prodigious worker. It has been well said of him "that he was never

month placed him, in this respect, by the side of the greatest generals in the field. contribute to the welfare of Indiana troops, rising to his feet and placing his hands establishing fourteen subagencies in as upon their heads, gave them his benedicerent cities throughout the East. Sanitary Commission, with auxiliary societies in every county. Under his personal direction the whole State became a supply camp, contributing, in money and supplies, over four and a half million dollars. "In all our armies from Kansas to the Potomac. wherever I have met Indiana troops,' writes the well known correspondent of the New York Tribune, Mr. A. D. Richardson, "I have encountered some officers of Gov. Morton going about among them inquiring as to their needs in camp and in hospital, and performing those thousand offices the soldier so often requires." He once told me that he kept informed of and carried in mind the location, the movement, the condition and the strength of each one of Indiana's 163 regiments, and could call by name

After the war his attention to the letails of party organization was no less thorough. He frequently met obtain their views on public questions and to express his own. I recall several hurried trips which he made to Indianapolis, one in 1872, another in 1873, and again of Washington. He took nothing for grantat all, must be carefully run down and its lature for the avowed purpose of defeating truth or falsity known. "I had rather hear the Governor's re-election to the United a man say it than have him write it," was States Senate. "I hope he will do it," re-

I have heard it said that he was not a reader. This grew out of the fact that he was seldom seen reading. At home he was ever ready to receive callers, and in Washington he seemed always leading in debate or counseling in committee. When he found time to read was a mystery. Yet Mr. Spof-ford, the congressional librarian, is authority for the statement that Mr. Sumner, General Garfield and Governor Morton were the three great readers of books. In the overland trip to San Francisco, in 1877, although a great sufferer, he devoured all the books of the entire party, with whatever could be picked up on the train, and, like "Oliver Twist," called for "more." seemed able, as it has been said of Sir William Hamtilton, to tear the entrails from book or paper by a glance and forever to retain their contents. Going from San Fran- | a charge of cavalry - not, however, in a cisco to Oregon by steamer he was six days | manner to give personal offense, for the without receiving mail. Whole bags of it awaited his arrival at Portland, but in the course of a single day he had finished it. the newspapers piled up loosely about him, almost concealing his chair from sight. I tried to find some article of political impor-

Senator Voorhees once told me that he enjoyed the novels of Scott more than any others, and that he often reread them in | principle, and always ended in victory and the course of a single year. Senator Mor-ton, on the contrary, rarely, if ever, reread a book. He wanted the new, and was ever ready to try one upon the recommendation of a friend; but it must be to his liking, or he threw it aside as if he had bit a hard, sour apple. He disliked suffering or oppressour apple. He disliked suffering or oppression in any form, and if a book treated of such matters, except historically, he avoided it. He once told me that he had never finished "The Scarlet Letter."

At one time early in life Senator Morton played in the village band, and became an expectations. They were leaders because God found their origin in his deeply-seated hatred they outlined principles, they blazed the by nature cold and coarse. On the contrary, he was as tender, and gentle, and affections at as a Sydney. The great work of the Input of the pointments, they stood by friends, but never diana Sanitary Commission had its inception in his active sympathies, and his elections.

tance that he had overlooked, but in every

missed an opportunity of hearing a good orchestra or fine music of any kind. On one of the past and the public men who had occasion, when Thomas's orchestra was at ligured in its stirring events. On one of ets, and the opera house in this city, I happened to these occasions, speaking of Senator Mor-In the course of the evening he was very anxious to have a selection from "Lohen- as Senator Morton controls in his. But repeated, and showed some annoyance that a response had not been given the encore. The next selection on the programme was Schumann's "Traumerei," and ventured to suggest he might find it quite as pleasing. He had never heard it, he said. When the music ceased the Senator was enthusiastic, and joined others in loud applause. Fearing that a repetition of this would also be denied, he motioned to an usher, requesting him to say to Mr. Thomas that Governor Morton was present and would be greatly obliged if he would repeat it, as he had never heard it before. On receiving the message Mr. Thomas turned in the direction pointed out, gracefully bowed his acknowledgments and "Traumerei" was heard again, as only Thomas's orchestra, in those halcyon days of its life, knew A MASTERFUL POLITICIAN.

In politics Senator Morton was a master. "Where MacGregor sat, there was the head of the table." He was not made to follow. Possessing all of the qualities that go to make up a great leader-fertility of resiveness without violence, alertness without irritating suspicions, with unerring judgment and a bulldog determination-he was admittedly one of the most consummate political leaders of his time. Circumstances gave him a tremendous power, additional to the forces bequeathed him by nature. As the great war Governor, whose head and heart were large enough to include every soldier and soldier's family, and the welfare of every charitable institution of the State, whether supported by legislative appropriation or not, the foundations of his influence became deeply imbedded in the affections of the people. How genuine and general opponents began to deny or explain, to was this attachment only those could fully appreciate who had been with him about the State. The people's greetings were not of the formal or usual character, but deeply earnest and affectionate. The loud huzzas were frequently hushed into the whispered "God bless you;" the crowd eager to take his hand, pressed about him as if some accident had happened and all were curious

to see; while scores of women, dressed in

black and holding their little ones by the hand, waited patiently on the outskirts until the way was cleared for them to reach cises at Greencastle, and the throng, in its eagerness to reach him, broke down the platform. The day was excessively hot, and his private car had been detached fully a mile and a half from the grounds; but long and hot and dusty as was the way, the people continued to seek him out. One little old woman, a soldier's widow, accompanied by her sons, two fine looking boys, about twelve and fourteen years of age, arrived just as the train was starting. We saw her coming and the Senator idle when awake, and often spent the dark asked that the train be held a minute or hours of the night in thought." His attenhours of the night in thought." His atten- two. "I wanted my boys," she said, "to see tion to details and his ability to carry them their dead father's friend. God bless you, their dead father's friend. God bless you, es, army contractors and stay-at-homes for Governor." The tears began falling, and the purpose of making money. 'Buck' Terrill she could say no more. The Senator took a did not betray me or the State. He is poor, in mind from day to day and month to Governor." The tears began falling, and hand of each boy in his, inquired their In 1862 he organized the General Military | names, the regiment in which their father Agency of Indiana, whose duty it was to had served, and the time of his death, then, tion. It was an affecting scene, yet with South and West. To supply the means to him a very common one. "Why was the carry on this work he created the Indiana | train delayed so long?" passengers began to inquire, and when explanation was made they also came to the car, asking an introduction to their distinguished fellow-traveler. To such a man, so loved, and trusted, and honored, the right to lead was cheerfully granted by the many, doubted by few, and successfully disputed by none. He was not easily moved from his settled purposes, nor ready quickly to overlook the temerity of those who assumed to question his authority or to thwart his plans; but he was in no sense a political boss. A recent article in the New York Journal of Commerce defines a "party boss" as a comound of craft, cunning, deception and intrigue, who is always in opposition to the public conscience, who controls or defeats by corrupt methods, and whose work calls for instincts which are subversive of every high quality of character. Even Senator Morton's enemies would not recognize him in such description. He controlled by force of intellect, supported by a dominating will, by tremendous energy, by attention to the smallest details, and by the respect and love of the people. On one occasion he was informed that a gentleman of this city, long since dead, but at that time a very prominent and able member of the Indianapolis bar, erratic, perhaps, at times, but one of those large-hearted, generous, impulsive men whom most men respected and no one disliked, proposed standing for the Legisa frequent saying, "for then I can search | plied the Senator, with emphasis; "that will give the people an opportunity to say whom they favor." Then, seizing his cane, and stalking across the room, he exclaimed: "If he does it, I will canvass every school dis-trict in Marion county. Tell him to run, and then throw open the schoolhouses and churches that the people may hear us."
That is neither the talk nor the way of a political boss. He did not turn to the Star Chamber or to the caucus. No henchmen were called in and instructions given to find out his backers, and see that, by fair means or foul, their names did not appear among the delegates who were to nominate a candidate for the State Senate. His appeal was directly to the people. "Come and hear us, and then judge ye whether you be for your old war Governor or against him!" Had they met in the political arena,

sonal abuse. AN UNSELFISH STATESMAN. He belonged to a class of statesmen whose methods and ways were illuminated instance came the quick reply, "Yes; I saw by unselfish patriotism, and whose leader-

would have trampled down his opponent like

leaders of the century were freer from per-

ship was gladly accepted because, like guide posts, it directed from principle to peace. Chase, of Ohio, Seward, of New York, Sumner and Andrew, of Massachusetts, Fessenden, of Maine, belonged in this glorious galaxy. They made platforms, they outlined principles, they blazed the

made them great and hoble, and men instinctively recognized their right to lead. In studying the biographies of these men, I have often compared their early struggles, the obstacles in the way of success, the assistance and encouragement received and the fierce opposition encountered. It is certain they would have been recognized as great leaders wherever their lot had been cast; but whether another could have accomplished as much under the trying circumstances which faced Governor Morton cumstances which faced Governor Morton throughout the war may well be doubted. The bitterness with which he was assailed by the enemies of the Union belongs to the less civilized days of the sixteenth and sevless civilized days of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rather than to those of the nineteenth. It was not criticism—it was brutal, personal abuse, often as coarse and cruel as a biudgeon wielded in the hands of a would-be murderer. State pride, recognition of great services and of great abilities, nothing seemed sufficient to restrain or soften those terrible assaults. Yet he gave them little or no heed. Although reviled, he reviled not again. Certainly the assaults did not in the slightest weaken his purpose to sustain the Union weaken his purpose to sustain the Union and bring confusion to its enemies, whether at home or in the South, or to make the most of the fruits of victory. Mr. Lincoln is quoted as saying: "If I were called upon to name the civillian who had rendered the to name the civillian who had rendered the greatest service to the government, under the greatest difficulties, I should unhesitatingly name Governor Morton."

The manner in which the reaction that followed the close of the war was met and withstood in Indiana under his leadership was no less remarkable than the success which crowned his efforts in the success which crowned his efforts in the great crises of the war. States which had been loyal to the old party, suddenly seemed to lose heart. The large majorities of 1864 had disappeared. The great Empire Commonwealth, the home of wealth, the State of able leaders and the headquarters of capitalists who had often replenished the Nation's treasury, was about to cast its electoral vote for Governor Seymour. In the presence of such a crisis Governor Morton's Masonic Hall speech came like a response to the wild, despairing cry from Macedonia. Intended only for Indiana, it electrified the entire Nation and paved the way not only to his election as United States Senator, but to the still more remarkable speech of January. 1868, his first utterance in the Sen-ate, which defined the Issues in the presiden-tial struggle of that year. I need not re-peat the unqualified indorsement paid it by General Grant, nor the statement of Reverdy Johnson, to whom it recalled the great speeches of Webster and Clay and Calhoun. These and other expressions of ad-miration are familiar to an Indiana audi-During my connection with the Cincin-

nati Gazette it was my good fortune frequently to meet Governor Hendricks at the noon hour in the executive chamber of the old State building. He was often alone, and at such times seemed never to tire talking ton, he said: "I am frequently asked by friends to dominate the affairs of my party can't do that. If I attempted it I should fail. We cannot be different from what God has made us. I can persuade men to follow me, but Morton can command them. The nearest approach to his marvelous power that I have ever witnessed was that exerted by Stephen A. Douglas. Like Morton, he both persuaded and commanded." In 1872 I had the pleasure of traveling in the same car from Washington to Philadelphia with Senator Nye, of Nevada, then in the height of his fame as a wit and political campaign speaker. I had been presented to him by Senator Morton, who was also an occupant of the car. "I am glad," said he, "to see a young man like yourself striv-ing to place himself under the influence and lead of Senator Morton. I have served several years with him in the United States Senate, and I regard him the ablest man in that body and the greatest political leader

Senator Morton possessed at times what semed to be an imperious temper, which was also mistaken for arrogance. This was remarked by Senator Schurz, in a conversation at the home of Governor Hayes, in Columbus, during the presidential campaign of 1876. Among others present were Colonel Ingersoll, General Garfield and Mr. Hoyt, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania. Hearing the Senator's statement, General Garfield asked quickly: "Did you ever see Senator Morton smile? No man is arrogant who carries a heart so warm and generous that it creates such an expression. To me his smile is a benediction.

FIDELITY TO FRIENDS. One of the crowning glories that characterized his political leadership was fidelity to friends. It was charged that he carried this too far. The same change was preferred against General Grant. I do not deny that there was some reason for the criticism, but it is a glorious fault. He is not the only illustrious Indianian who has thus been criticised. There is one yet living, God be praised, who never feels the friendly grasp, or hears spoken the words of cheer, or receives the slightest attention or smallest assistance, that his heart does not beat a quick response, and who does not stand ready to return the kindness if he can, with ten-fold interest. There was a time, in the seventies when the sentiment of the people in this city and elsewhere seemed a to favor a change

in the Pension Office, Discontent was neither suppressed nor spoken in whispers among friends. One day I mentioned this fact to the Senator. "I know it," he said, quietly, without the slightest show of displeasure or resentment, "and I have given the matter careful consideration from the standpoint of duty. He was financial secretary for the Governor of Indiana during the dark days of the war. He disbursed \$200,000 for civil and \$700,000 for military purposes, and not a dollar was lost appropriated. I was compelled to rely absolutely on his efficiency and honesty, and, although surrounded by leechthe office pays him little more than a living, and I will not be a party to his deposition." was known to the convention that Mr. Hayes had received votes enough to nominate him. The Senator was quickly interested. He had never heard of the incident, and, as we were nearing the wharf at Seattle, amidst the firing of cannon and playing of bands, he recalled the conversation and asked me to learn the delegate's name, and, if possible, to find and present him. Accordingly I interviewed the first man who boarded the steamer, and discovered that be was not only the chairman of the reception committee, but the very man I was seeking. On presenting him to the Senator the latter rose with difficulty, and, bracing himself upon one cane, extended his hand. "I am pleased to meet you. Dr. White," he said: 'not so much because you are chairman of the reception committee, but because you voted for Mr. Blaine, your first choice, after a candidate had already been named. Such fidelity is sufficiently rare to make the man a first citizen, wherever he may live or whatever may be his calling in life." Unswerving devotion to principle always goes hand in hand with fidelity to friends. These traits have a common origin, springing from a good conscience and supported by firmness, warmed by active smypathies, and guided by intelligence and judgment, Senator Morton could not have been so true to principle and less constant to friends. Who can imagine General Washington casting of Hamilton because of the clamor against him as a Federalist? When Mr. Lincoln put his arms about the neck of Secretary Chase, asking him to withdraw his resignation and remain in the Cabinet it was an exhibition of the same fidelity that struck off the shackles from four million slaves. It is only when we meet in history the false-hearted, the weak, the fickle, the designing, or the wickedly ambitions that we hear the cry of Wolsey: "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. I have said that Governor Morton never finished "The Scarlet Letter." This sensitiveness to suffering, either mental or physical, permeated his everyday life-his one continued, sustained effort as Governor being to ameliorate, as far as possible, the horrors and sufferings of war. When Pericles was dying, the principal men of Athens, supposing him beyond the power speeches of none of the great political of hearing, spoke in his presence of his many victories and trophies; but the great statesman and warrior, still clutching the sense of hearing and of speech, kindly chided them for extolling what fortune had assisted his doing. "Say, rather, that no Athenian, through my means, ever put on mourning." The great war Governor of Indiana could have said the same with equal truth. He did not always receive credit for such tenderness and sympathy. His tremendous energy, his ceaseless activity, his fearless arraignment of the opposition, his ter-rible denunciations of atrocities practiced in the South by Ku-Klux and White Cap, and his apparent insensibility to criticism, however brutal and drastic, created an impression that he was severe and vindictive, and

of wrong and his profound sympathy for the oppressed. He delighted in doing good to others. When a returning regiment suddenly appeared in Indianapolis and found the rain leaking through the roof of the barracks in Military Park, he ordered it into the Statebouse and three years the doors of the Statehouse, and threw open the doors of his own office for its comfort. Learning at the War Department in Washington that one of his regiments had been ordered East. he telegraphed the Mayor of Cincinnati to he telegraphed the Mayor of Cincinnati to have ready for them "a good warm home supper" as they passed through that city. When crossing the continent in 1877, on his way to Oregon, he was confined to his stateroom by serious illness; but at no time was he unmindful of the comfort of anyone in his party, while his solicitude for the health of all was no less constant than theirs for

His home life was ideal. The wish of one was the desire of all. Never cloud shadowed it nor frown chilled it. Sickness might invade it, disappointment might enter it, se-vere pain, endless and unremitting, might vere pain, endless and unremitting, might smite it, and calumny, coarse, brutal and persistent, might pound and clamor at its door, but the peace, the love, the goodnight kisses and the happy morning greetings of that united and joyous household were never interrupted or disturbed.

It was my privilege to remain often at the bedside of the great statesman during the bedside of the great statesman during the last two months of his life. The pain, the long, stifled groans, the intense suffering, the pleading tenderness of his voice, weakened to soft whispers, wrung tears from the stoutest hearts; but there was no impatience, no peevish repining, no words of bitterness or of regret. The coming of a friend illuminated the agonized face as quickly as the sun, bursting through threat-ening clouds, floods a landscape with its golden beams. To the end his room was his headquarters, and his life the center of a nation's thought. There came to him the representatives of States and the head of the American Commonwealth; each day loving and tender solicitude clicked its message from far-off friends by the Golden Gate and along the Columbia and the Willamette; the fresh perfume of flowers which bloomed in the valleys of the Tenuessee and the Cumberland came as a morning salutation from the faithful Uncle Toms and the working Topsies; the silver-tongued and sitworking Topsies; the silver-tongued and silver-haired orator, whose eloquent words of assistance and fidelity had been heard from every stump in the State and finally from: the great council chamber of the national convention of his party, sat often by the bedside, holding in his the withered hand that he had strengthened and sustained; and when, at last, came the feeble and final words, "I am worn out." they fell upon the ears of the learned and loving physician to whose memory came the words of Mr. Longfellow to Mr. Sumner-"Good night, good night, as we so oft have

Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days That are no more and shall no more return. Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to

I stay a little longer, as one stays To cover up the embers that still burn.' JOHN L. GRIFFITHS'S ADDRESS.

At the close of the address, which had been listened to with steadfast attention, Mrs. Carolyn Winter Goetz rendered in her peculiarly expressive style, "Lead, Kindly Light." Colonel Walker next introduced John L. Griffiths, who said:

"I was asked vesterday afternoon to take part in these memorial exercises, and willingly consented, believing, as I do, that those who enjoy the fruits of the labors of the men who in the anxious and bloody years from 1861 to 1865 counted no sacrifice too great for the sake of the country they loved should take every opportunity to honor their memory and celebrate their courage, wisdom and patriotism. While we of a later generation cannot, perhaps, adequately appreciate the dangers they confronted, the discouragements they endured and the difficulties they overcame, we can at least grasp the full significance of the cictory they achieved. We know the difference between a dismembered nation and a united country; between a dishonored flag and one that floats proudly over a homogeneous people. It has been truly said that great crises produce great men. Medlocrity and menlacity and rascality assert themselves in high places in 'piping times of peace.' It required the strong background of a mighty moral conflict to throw into full relief the rugged virtues of a Lincoln and a Morton. The name of Oliver P. Morton will be remembered as long as liberty has an advo-cate and equality of rights a champion. He wrote a new page in the history of the commonwealth, the most brilliant page that has yet been written, a page adorned with the wisest statesmanship and the most exalted patriotism. He came into power when the clouds of war hung low, black and threatening, and many thought that the sun of our national existence was about to pass into total eclipse; he found the credit of the State impaired, its treasury empty, the Legislature disloyal, and Southern sympathizers on every hand. He evolved order out of chaos, and made the name of Indiana synonymous with financial integrity and stainless loyalty. We do well, then, do we not, to set apart a day in which to recall and emphasize the debt of gratitude we owe to our great war Governor? The days when we pause in the hurry of business to sing the praise of our heroes are holy days, stimulating to finer action; they deepen our love of country by proclaiming that the true measure of a nation's greatness is not the extent of territory, or miles of railroad, or wealth of material resources, but its capac-

ity for high endeavor and herioc achieve-"What were the distinguished character-Istics of Oliver P. Morton? Incorruptible honesty, tireless energy, indomitable will power and a mind alert, vigorous and pow-erful, that easily brushed aside sophistry and subterfuge and went with directness to the point in issue. He never lost his way, as so many orators do, between premise and conclusion. He had clearness of vision, singleness of purpose and lofty courage. With abundant opportunity to acquire a fortune, he handled vast sums of public money so circumspectly when the vouchers were examined not a single dollar was found to have been misappropriated. On one occasion he said: 'I have always exercised greater care in the expenditure of government and State funds than I have with my own means. He even returned \$176,000 out of \$250,000 which he had received from the secret-service fund, and for the disbursement of which he was accountable to no one. He be-lieved that 'public office is a public trust.' In 1877, as we were sailing up Puget lieved that 'public office is a public trust.' sound, I told the Senator of the delegate He stood as flint to bribery, corruption from Washington Territory, who, the year | and all forms of malfeasance in office. He before, at the national convention in Cin-cinnati, had voted for Mr. Blaine after it field of battle after the shades of night have fallen, robbing dead heroes of their little treasure, are more reputable than the men who coolly and deliberately prostitute the public service to base ends. We need now at this hour in this city more of Morton's spirit, more of the enthusiasm that thrilled the land in the days of the civil war, lifting men out of their selfishness, and narrowness, and litts ness, and deadness and making them vital forces for good. Too much treasure has been expended and too many precious lives have been laid down to keep this Nation on the eternal pathway of righteousness to per-mit its affairs to be manipulated by tricksters and reprobates. The political adventurer, the pothouse politician, the ward bummer and men of that ilk must be retired, with the epitaph: 'They were forced much against their will to leave their country's service for their country's

"Oliver P. Morton was an orator in the highest sense, because his words moved people to action. He had deep convictions, and impressed them on his hearers. The keystone of the arch which binds and holds together the body of all true oratory is the sincerity of the speaker. He may have a shrill voice, like John Ran-dolph, or a grotesque figure like Mirabeau, er a pigmy body like Whitfield, but all these are forgotten, as the man speaks from head to foot, sweeping all doubt and opposition aside by the resistless force of his eloquence. Beauty of diction, wealth of imagery, power of statement, aptness of illustration, melody of tones, humor, irony, sarcasm, invective, all count for naught, unless the orator 'stands four square to every wind that blows,' loyal to the truth, in its widest import as he perceives it. Morton seldom resorted to anecdote or byplay of any kind in his speeches. He has engaged in serious business. His words were simple, his style direct, his manner convincing. He did not insinuate himself into the hearts of his listeners, but rather coerced their acquiescence. The thunderolts of his logic compelled the wavering to fall into line. All the great orators whose triumphs have become a part of the permanent possession of the race have had these in common, they were sincere in their advocacy of the cause on principle they cham-pioned. It may be said of Morton, as has been said of Lincoln, that 'he was an orator, clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought him-'If you wish to be sublime,' says the same writer, 'you must be natural. You must keep close to the grass; you must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech. The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the commonplace, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded in the memory of the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, en-

science; between his lips words bud and "Morton's nature was too great to harbor petty animosities and small resentments and prejudices. Were he living in this era of reconciliation he would have said amen to the loyal words of General Gordon the other evening, and would have welcomed nothing so much as a friendly feeling be-tween the North and the South. "Soon after the close of the war, when

nobles the heart, and quickens the con-

said: 'I am from my heart anxious for the complete restoration of the South, the uplifting of her prosperity and the reunion of all the States in sentiments of love to each other and devotion to our common

"It is fitting that Morton sleeps neighbor to the men for whose comfort and safety he was so solicitous. I confess that I never see a Grand Army post file by and note the bent forms and tottering limbs, the sunken eyes and haggard cheeks of many of the men who wore the blue, that I do not uncover in their presence and pay involuntary homage to their sacrifices and valor. Every peaceful village, every busy city, every stream that turns the wheels of industry, every farm with its assurance of plenty, all the evidences of prosperity about us are commemorations of them."

The song following Mr. Griffiths's remarks was entitled, "Who Is a Patriot?" and was written for the occasion by Charles E. Merrifield, of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. It was rendered by a male chorus composed of members of the G. A. R. The sentiment of the song presents Oliver P. Morton as a faithful example of the pa triot. The service was concluded with benediction by Rev. D. R. Lucas.

SNUBBED THE FAMILY.

Mrs. Willie K. Invited No Vanderbilts to the Wedding.

Letter in Philadelphia Press. It has been suggested that the marriage of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke would very likely be followed by a reconciliation between Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Yet the preparations for the wedding ding, as they have been described by one closely related by marriage to the family, would indicate that instead of reconciliation, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt intends to suggest that she is and will remain apart gest that she is and will remain apart from all association from Mr. Vanderbilt's near kin. Mr. Vanderbilt will himself give the bride away, but he will only meet his daughter in the church, and when his function has been performed will depart as though he had been merely an invited guest. It is thought by friends of the family that the father would not have been permitted to take such part in the ceremony but for the fact that both the bride and the bridegroom insisted upon it. My informant, who is very near the Vanderbilts through marriage, says that no member of the Vanderbilt family has been in-

vited to the wedding. Not one of the sons or daughters of the late William H. Van-derbiit has been bidden, and the sweeping slight is regarded as all the more remarkable because some of Mrs. W. K. Vander-bilt's brothers and sisters-in-law were care-ful not to permit themselves to be influenced in any way by the sad domestic troubles which caused the estrangement between Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and his wife. That the slight is felt keenly need not be Miss Consuele Vanderbilt has always been a great favorite with her uncles and aunts, and for the young Duke there is great respect, since he has shown himself to be a very sensible, modest, and charming young man, who has inherited from his father some of the democratic impulses which have characterized that brilliant

It has been represented to those who have the wedding in charge that it is most and her prospective husband in such rela-tions with the head of the Vanderbilt family, as this refusal to bid him and his family to the wedding would be likely to do. Possibly these representations may be sufficient to cause an invitation to be sent to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, although that is thought to be very doubtful. As a result of this unhappy relation be-tween the bride's mother and her Vanderbilt relatives it is probable that upon the

wedding day there will be some significant indications of the permanence of the breach. The bride's mother will give a wedding breakfast after the ceremony, to which, of course, none of the Vanderbilts are invited. But the bride's grandmother, who has always been fond of Miss Consuelo, also proposes to give a wedding breakfast upon that day. At that formality all the Vanderbilts will be present and there the father of the bride will meet his

While the wedding will be a brilliant ceremony, with the music of the Damrosch orchestra, and with the church a conservatory of flowers, yet there will shadow it this family estrangement, and it will be a Vanderbilt wedding without the Vander-bilts. The young girl becomes a duchess, but none of her near relatives upon her father's side will be there to take approving part in the ceremony. The Duke and Duchess will spend the early part of their honeymoon in Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's beau-tiful country place, "Idle Hour," on Long island, and there after a few days they will receive their friends. The Duke has conceived a great admiration for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and those who are intimate with the young nobleman say that he will not permit himself to be influenced by the family troubles. He has a good deal of the Churchill obstinacy and determination, quite as much of those qualities as his mother-in-law.

Another Effect of It.

"It was only a slight earthquake," said the man with the chrysanthemums in his button hole, "but Governor Clarke, of Arkansas was right in it.' "Because he gave Corbett and Fitzsim-mons a shaking up?" inquired the man with the bright green necktie. "Not at all, sir. Because he was in Little

"Say, if you are going to try to make apital out of an earthquake-"
At which point the fighting began.

He Had Scruptes. Washington Star.

It was during the last visitation of Mr. Turkeytrod's mother-in-law to Mrs. Turkeytrod that the old lady was taken down sick. and the family physician had to be called "It is a very serious case, Mr. Turkeytrod," was the doctor's edict; "she must be sent to a warmer climate.' woodshed and came in with an axe. her, doctor," said he; "I don't just l to do it.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" Has been used over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. For sale by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 25c a bottle.

Colds are flying about in the air thicker than flakes in a snowstorm. Everybody is catching them, but everybody knows, or ought to know, how to get rid of them. A few doses of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and presto! they are gone. Why continue to cough, with a positive cure a hand? Sold by all druggists, Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute



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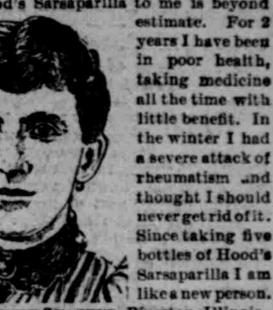
Commencing Nov. 5, Will be the Grandest Flower Show ever held in this city, and every lover of the beauties of nature should avail themselves of the oppor-

fare rates on all roads, Wednesday and Thursday, good returning Friday, the 8th. Remember the dates, from November 5 to 9 inclusive, at OMLINSON HALL

tunity of seeing it. The concerts given each afternoon and evening

will be musical treats that are rarely given at any entertainment. Half





MRS. LIZZIE SEAFFER, Riverton, Illinois. Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; 6 for \$5. Hood's Pills care all liver tils, billious-

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Tickets can be obtained at the

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Said the Plump aud Cheerful Oyster.

> Said the plump and cheerful oyster to the soup: "If to harken to advice you ever

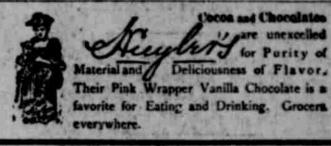
Permit me to suggest laggart's Butter Cracker's best -It's the cracker that all other kinds can scoop.

Parrott & Taggart's "Domestic Bread" and Taggart's Butter Crackers for sale by all live grocers.

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We have just added a most complete line of these goods to our stock. They are the best made, and cost no more than inferior goods. If you need a Stove give

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When Building, remodeled. Magnificent Quarters, Large, permanent Faculty. Finest Penmen in Central States, 500 students annually. New students entering daily. Visitors invited. Elevator for Day and Night School. E. J. HEEB, Proprietor. Indianapolis, Nov. 4th, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that at the annual ommunication of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of Indiana, to be held in Grand Lodge Hall, Indianapolis, Nov. 20th and 21st, 1895, there will be an election for one trustee, to serve for three years. B. F. FOSTER, Grand Secretary.

Indianapolis, Nov. 4th. 1895.

Notice is hereby given that at the annual communication of the Grand Encampment I. O. O. F. of Indiana, to be held in Grand Lodge Hail, Indianapolis, Nov. 19th, 1895, there will be an election for one trustee to serve for three years. B. F. FOSTER, Grand Scribe.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT GRAND Wm. H. CRANE

In Mariha Morton's Comedy. HIS WIFE'S FATHER Original Cast. Matines Wednesday, Wednesday night, "The Senator."

PRICES—Night: Lower floor, \$1.50; batcony, first hree rows, \$1; balance, 75c; admission, 59c; gallery, 25c. Matinee: Orenestra and side boxes, \$1; dress circle, 75c. balcony (reserved) 50c; admission, 25c.

Begfining pext Thursday, Nov. 5, all advance sales will be conducted at the Pembroke Arcade, where the ticket office will be open from 9 a. m. until 6,33 p. m.

Thursday—Wm. Hoey in "The Globe Trotter."

TOMLINSON HALL. Wednesday Night, Nov. 133



Myrta Franch - Soprano Currie Duke . Seats on sale at Pembroke Arcade, THURSDAY, NOV. 7. PRICES: Gallery, 25c. Last five row- lower floor, 5oc. Balance lower floor, 75c. Balcony, \$1.

PARK - Prices-10e, 20e, 30e, Matinees Daily. This Afternoon and Evening

WILBUR OPERA COMPANY

"Two Vagabonds." EVERYBODY GOES TO THE PARK.

Beginning next Thursday, Nov. 1, all advance sales will be conducted at the Pembroke Arcade, where the ticket office will be open from 9 a. m. until 6:00 p. m.

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